ALONG LAKE SUPERIOR.

SCENES AND TRADITIONS OF A ROMANTIC REGION.

A Great Spread of Country Abounding in Natural Attractions—The Dalles of the St. Louis—Interesting Indian Legends—Work and Wanderings of the Early Catholic Missionaries—The Copper Mines.

Superior's Shore.

The south shore of Lake Superior can much of it be regarded as quite like an unknown country. *Picturesque America* says it is 233 years since the first white man set foot there. He met a crowd of Ojibway and Algonquin Indians, and five years later they killed him. The two centuries and over since then are a long time in American history, yet in all that time but little about this great inland sea has been written. The lake is 380 miles long and 120 miles wide, and along the south shore are scattered massive rocky walls, giant cliffs, and dense forests, the equal to anything existing on the Atlantic coast.

At the extreme western end of Lake Superior is St. Louis Bay, separated from the lake itself by a narrow strip of land; or, more properly, two, called Minnesota and Wisconsin Points, forming a natural harbor of many miles in extent. It was first visited by civilized men in 1632, as nearly as history records.

Duluth, named after the noted Frenchman Du Lhut, stands on the north shore of the bay, at the extreme western end of the great chain of lakes, 1,750 miles from Quebec and 1,200 from Buffalo. Its situation is picturesque. From a narrow beach abrupt hills rise to a height of 500 feet. Upon the summit of the ridge thus formed and on what must have been the former level of the lake is a natural roadbed 100 to 250 feet wide, which local enterprise has transformed into Terrace drive. On the sides of the intervening hills rests the city.

Westward from Duluth are the Dalles of the St. Louis. Here Nature is harsh, rugged, and somber, tearing her way in a water course four miles long, with a descent of 400 feet. The banks are formed of cold gray slate rocks, clad with an ample growth of bleak pine, and twisted, split, and torn into the wildest shapes. Through the dismal channel thus bordered the current surges with terrific force, leaping and eddying and uttering a savage roar that the neighboring hills sullenly reverberate.

Upon the south shore of St. Louis Bay are the two towns, West Superior and Old Superior, with Superior Bay on the east. An Indian legend relating to the bay is still related there. It appears that the Chippewas imagined the home of the Bad Manitou to be at the gateway to Superior Bay. Because the currents of the bay and of the lake conflict just there and keep the water constantly, though not violently, disturbed, they fancied that the evil spirit kept house in or under the water just at that point. They knew he made trouble everywhere, and the unexplained disturbance in the water was therefore a certain sign that this was where he lived. In order to satisfy the demon they never passed that spot in their boats without dropping their valuables into it as a peace offering.

To the south, within a few hours' drive, are the falls of the Black River, the Minnehaha of Wisconsin, 150 feet or more in height, and just east of Superior Station the Nemadji River, a deep stream that flows into Superior Bay. The name was given by the Chippewas, and signifies "left hand," meaning the river at the left hand as one enters the bay from the lake.

THE GREAT CAVE, CAT ISLAND.

Still skirting along Superior's southern border the Iron River, Pike Lake and White Bay are crossed and Ashland is soon reached. Northward lie what are known as the Apostle Islands. Father Marquette, the central figure of lake country history, passed some time on one of them, now called Madeline Island. An antiquated Roman Catholic chapel still stands at La Pointe. It was built of rough-hewn logs, and is now used as an adjunct of the newer structure. The chief object of interest in the room is a famous old pitcher that hangs over the altar, and that is only interesting because of a tradition to the effect that it was brought from France by the adventurous priests whose zeal led them to this wild region.

It is not far to Michigan and the heart of the Gogebic iron range. The country here is 750 feet above Lake Superior's level. Fish and game abound.

Houghton and Hancock, "the twin cities of the Gitchie Gummee," are located on opposite sides of Portage Lake, which separates Keweenaw Point from the mainland. The channel of Portage Lake is deep enough to admit the passage of the largest vessels; and, as these cities are in the heart of the greatest copper region in the world, they are the ports from which that product is shipped.

Presque Isle is the name of a high headland two miles north of the Marquette. Its shores are rugged, sandstone cliffs, broken here and there by the waves into fancifully formed caverns, pillars and arches. This spot was once the site of a flourishing Indian village of the Chippewa tribe.

Of the scenic beauties that will be seen on the way the most striking are Douglas Falls, the great cave at Cat Island, the Miner's Castle, Dead River Falls, and the cave at Presque Isle.

A spot that should be visited before leaving the lake shore is Mackinac, pronounced as though spelled "Mackinaw." Mackinac Island lies like a broken link between Upper and Lower Michigan. Around it meet the waters of the two great lakes, Huron and Michigan, whose level is 581 feet above the sea. This island has sufficient area to cause a journey of nine miles in skirting its shores. It is shaped as if it had been made square, then some giant force had pulled each of its corners a little way. It rises sheer above the translucent waters, a great plateau 200 to 300 feet in height, wooded luxuriantly and framed with a broad white beach.

As is the custom with old villages wherever they are seen, the little original settlement crouches at the foot of the bluff beneath the fort—a straggling, picturesque settlement of shops and cottages, churches and hotels, facing the white strand and the marvelously clear water. As is also the custom with the wiser planning of mankind to-day, the far choicer high ground is being built

MINER'S CASTLE.

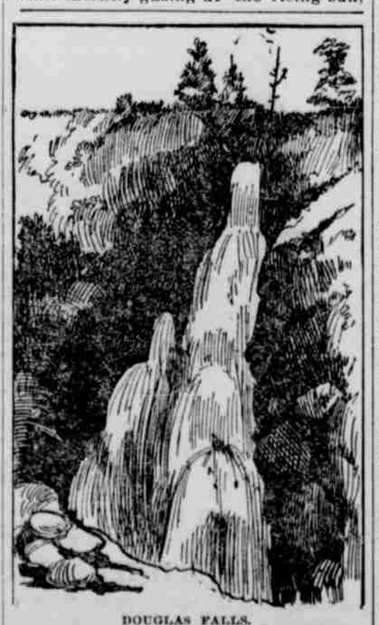
DEAD RIVER FALLS.

upon with modern hotels and lovely villas. Up there, also, is the military reservation of 103 acres, and the remainder has been set apart by the Government—justly appreciating its unique attractions—for a national park.

Fort Mackinac, which stands on a rocky eminence just above the town, was built by the English in 1780. The buildings are a hospital, outside the wall and east of the fort; a guard-house, near the south gate; officers' quarters on the hill near the flagstaff, quarters for the men in the center, block-houses on the walls, magazine in the hollow, not far from the south gate; store houses, offices, etc. There are persons yet living on the island who, during the troubles of 1814, took refuge in these self-same block houses. In the rear of the fort is the parade ground, and the spot where Capt. Roberts planted his guns in 1812, while his whole force of Indians was concealed in the adjacent thickets. Capt. Roberts disembarked at British Landing, marched across the island, and took up his station at this point without being discovered.

Half or three quarters of a mile behind Fort Mackinac, on the crowning point of the island, is Fort Holmes, built after the British captured the post in 1812. The excavation encircling the embankment or earthworks was originally broader and deeper than now. The place of the gate is seen on the east side, one of the posts yet remaining to mark its position. In the center of the fort was erected a huge block-house, beneath which was the magazine. Near the gate was the entrance to several cellars, which have now caved in. History shows this fort to have been considered a very remarkable and formidable defense in its time. Its old name was Fort George, but when it became an American possession it was renamed in honor of Maj. Holmes, a hero who fell at Early's Farm.

As far back as history begins to vie with traditions that reach into the distant past Mackinac Island has been a place of great interest. A legend relates that a large number of Indians were once assembled at Point St. Ignace, and while intently gazing at the rising sun,



DOUGLAS FALLS.

during the great Manitou or February moon, they beheld the island suddenly rise up from the water, assuming its present form. From the point of observation it bore the fancied resemblance to the back of a huge turtle; hence they called it by the name of Mas-che-no-macsing, which means a great turtle. The name, when put into a French dress, became Machillimackinac, to be in turn again abbreviated by the always practical English into Mackinac.

In 1671 Father Marquette, pioneer and priest, wrote that "Michillimackinac is an island famous in these regions, of more than a league in diameter, and elevated in some places by such high cliffs as to be seen more than twelve leagues off." Father Marquette was doubtless the first white man to visit it, or at least to dwell upon it. He established a school on the island in 1671 for the education of the Indian youths, and so much was he attached to "the Straits" that when he died in 1675 it was at his request his Indian converts brought his body back to the little mission established by him at St. Ignace. The first vessel ever seen on these waters was the Griffin, built by the explorer La Salle on Lake Erie in 1678.

In 1695 Cadillac, who still later founded Detroit, established a small fort here. Then the contests and skirmishes, not unmingled with massacres, until finally Mackinac, with all the other French strongholds on the lakes, was surrendered to the English in September, 1761. In 1763 began the conspiracy of Pontiac—a coup de guerre wonderful for the sagacity with which it was planned and the vigor with which it was executed.

A year afterward, a treaty of peace having been made with the Indians, troops were again sent to raise the English flag over the fort. The present fort on Mackinac Island was built by the English in 1770. By a treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States Sept. 3, 1783, the island fell within the boundary of the United States, but under various processes the English refused to withdraw their troops. By a second treaty, concluded Nov. 19, 1794, it was stipulated that the British should withdraw on or before June 1, 1797. Two companies of United States troops arrived in October, 1796, and took possession, a previous treaty with the Indians having secured from them the post.

During the war of 1812 the island was again surrendered to the British. After the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie in 1813 an effort was made to recapture it, but the troops sent were insufficient in numbers, and not until 1814 was the American flag again hoisted over the Gibraltar of the lakes.

In savage minds Mackinac's superb position was appreciated, then the missionaries made it their chief pulpit, next civilized warfare made it a coveted stronghold, later it became a commercial center. This was when the fur trade was carried on by John Jacob Astor. Mr. Astor organized the American Fur Company with a capital of $2,000,000. The outposts of the company were scattered throughout the whole West and Northwest. This island was the great central mart to which the goods were brought from New York by way of the lakes, and from Quebec and Montreal by way of the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing, and French River. From this point they were distributed to all the outposts, while from all the Indian countries the furs were annually brought down to the island by the company's agents, whence they were sent to New York, Quebec, or to Europe. This company was organized in 1809 and continued to do business until 1848.

ARCH ROCK AT MACKINAC.

Clipping Dogs' Ears.

The work of clipping the ears of bulldogs and other canines was discussed in the police court the other morning when Frank W. Moulton, a fancier, was called upon to answer a charge of cruelty to animals preferred against him by Agent Key, of the Humane Society, says the Washington *Star*. The alleged cruelty consisted in clipping the ears of the dogs.

Mr. Moulton told how the dogs were etherized before the operation is performed in order to prevent pain or cruelty. "It has been the universal custom," he said, "to clip their ears."

"And it used to be the custom for men to bore holes through their noses," added the Judge, "but civilization is ahead of that."

Judge Miller wanted to know if there were any decisions on the question, and counsel said he thought there were none.

Mr. Moulton said that since the warrant was issued he had written to the Secretary of the New York Kennel Club, and his reply was that no such case had been prosecuted before and he considered it perfectly nonsensical.

The Judge thought that the dog was entitled to his ears and tail and said that the public was interested in the dog untrimmed and unadorned. As the question was one of considerable importance, the Judge said, he would take it under advisement.

MRS. SUSAN G. COOKE.

The New Secretary of the Women's Board of the World's Fair.

Mrs. Susan G. Cooke, who has been officially appointed to take Phoebe Couzins' place as Secretary of the Board of Lady Managers, is a very rapid worker, clear-headed and expeditious, and in addition to these qualities is exceedingly patient and sweet-tempered.

MRS. SUSAN G. COOKE.

She was born in New York. Her father was Dr. George Spaulding Gale, one of the most prominent surgeons of Vermont, and her grandfather, also a native of Vermont, was one of the heroes of 1812. Her mother was allied to one of the oldest families in New York and possessed much intellectual ability. Mrs. Cooke was educated in New York City and shortly after graduation married Sidney E. Cooke, a member of the New York Stock Exchange. They moved to Knoxville, Tenn., and Mr. Cooke died there in 1883. Mrs. Cooke has had much experience in charitable work and for several years was one of the managers of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum. She is a woman of wide culture and with a winning gentleness. She has a quick sense of humor and is an interesting conversationalist. She has also the faculty of adjusting difficulties without resorting to heroic methods and promoting the ends of peace and harmony.

She Loved the Light.

In some parts of Missouri nothing is commoner in out of the way places than a solitary "coal shaft." In one of these remote mines there was kept, a hundred feet below the surface, a little old mule, whose business it was to draw the loaded cars up the inclined plane to the foot of the shaft.

Back and forth, back and forth it made its dismal journey during the working hours, and at night was left alone in a corner fitted up as a stable, to await in the silence and utter darkness the return of its human comrades.

For five long years it had never breathed the upper air, or seen the light of day. It was a great pet with the miners, who used to bring it bunches of fresh grass in summer, or lumps of sugar and apples in winter.

One night, when the mule was being unharnessed, some one proposed taking "Jinny" up in the cage. It was done; her tremors as the cage began to ascend were soothed by the assuring words and caresses of her companions, and soon she found herself restored to a mule's natural privileges.

The next morning when the time came to go to work, "Jinny" positively refused to return. Neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to approach the shaft and step into the waiting cage.

A council was held. The miners, touched by what the poor brute had suffered in her five years of isolation, and reproaching themselves that her imprisonment had been so long, at length solved the problem by subscribing on the spot enough out of their scanty earnings to buy "Jinny," and she was immediately loosed and "turned out to grass."

For years afterward she might have been seen nibbling the grass near the shaft, or sheltering herself behind a liberal haystack that somehow was always there for her. When working hours were over she was sure to be near the shaft, where she could mutely testify to her liberators as they came up, that she was the happiest mule in Missouri.—*Youth's Companion.*

Lived on Bran.

The following, says the Chattanooga *News*, is related by Frank Wyatt, of Rome, Ga., who has been visiting relatives at Martindale, on the Chattanooga, Rome and Columbus Railroad, about thirty miles south of Chattanooga. Frank used to attend Sunday-school regularly, and is considered a truthful boy, without much mulhattonism flowing in his veins. He says:

"My cousin owns a water mill, and in removing some obstructions found an immense log embedded in the stream, which must have been submerged for a number of years. The log had to be cut in two to remove it, and much to our surprise we found it hollow, although it had every appearance of being solid. One of the negroes while examining the log looked into the hollow and thought he saw something moving. He began using his axe and soon had the log cut into in another place.

"Imagine our amazement when we discovered a live catfish which had grown to an enormous size and length, and was so completely wedged in the hollow as to be unable to move except to open its mouth and wiggle its tail. The fish was very lively and apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health.

"The question is how did the fish get into the log, as the only means of ingress and egress we could discover was a small, round hole not more than two inches in diameter? We surmised that he must have entered the little opening when no larger than a minnow, and grown up in his solitary confinement."

Upon close observation it was found that a muskrat used one end of this hollow log as a storehouse for its food supply and that the catfish had been eating the muskrat's food, which consisted principally of bran, corn and oats. No patent roller flour was found in the log, and it is claimed by some that the rat feared roller flour would cause its teeth to decay and bones to rot.

Our Grand Business Men.

Mr. James B. Colgate, of New York, gives his millions while he lives. He has for many years been the benefactor of the venerable little college at Hamilton, New York, which now calls itself Colgate University. This summer he has given it a round million of dollars.

This kind of munificence is increasing in our country. Not long ago, Mr. Clark founded Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the million scale. Later, Mr. Rockefeller, of New York, has given a million dollars to Chicago University.

Other of our business men have given smaller sums for like objects. These benefactions mark a new era in the resources of American education. The great English universities were founded in the early ages by immense grants and princely gifts. They had thus the means of always leading in the world's thought, and giving the best instruction any century could offer. But most of our American colleges have had a sad struggle against poverty and insufficient equipment in all their branches.

The donors to the European universities frequently gave all their fortunes, and then retired to the monastery. But these Americans of whom we are proud can give sums which would have bewildered these old worthies; and after they bestow their millions stay in the world to acquire more, to be used to benefit those less favored than themselves.

These men feel that their great fortunes are a public trust. One man's power to gather a fortune may belong to the world as much as another's power to write an oratorio, or to invent a telephone. Never before could a dollar buy so much knowledge, culture and general happiness as to-day, and our successful business men have opportunities to brighten the world such as no other class possess.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Fun of Others' Mishaps.

The tendency to laugh at people's mishaps is sometimes set down as cruelty. When a man tumbles on the sidewalk or bumps his nose or slips suddenly down, it is the occasion of a great deal of rude sport. But a Detroit philosopher maintains that "people do not laugh because they are cruel," but because their sense of the ridiculous overcomes their sympathy. Whenever the disaster is really serious they do not laugh. If a man should slip while walking on a high roof, nobody would laugh; all would be horror-stricken. A man who has a boil gets more jokes than condolences; but if it is a carbuncle, although the actual pain may not be much greater, he will be pitied, because the boil is only a temporary discomfort, the carbuncle a serious and perhaps fatal complication. Consumptive people are often not seasick, and are generally cheerful and hopeful, while a seasick person is despairingly wretched. Yet the seasick person is the jest of the whole ship, while no one ever laughs at the victim of consumption. In short, temporary pain and discomfort are apt to provoke jests and jokes, but that which threatens the sufferer with death drives away all thought of ridicule, no matter though the incidents of one disease or casualty may of themselves be as absurd as those of the other.

Perhaps in time the human race may outgrow its childishness, its savagery, so as not to laugh even at slight pains and annoyances, but to be sorry for any discomfort or misery that happens to another. I say childish and savage because children and savages are much more amused with personal mishaps than adults or civilized beings. In fact, sympathy for another's miseries and disinclination to inflict wanton and useless pain, or to be entertained by it, whether it be bull fight or prize fight, is probably a better test of civilization than the art, music, learning, or even the religion of any age or nation.—*Free Press.*

Sounds Fishy.

A few days ago a gentleman visited a large foundry in Chicago, and noticed a number of Polish girls lifting chunks of resin from one barrel to another. "What is the object of that?" he asked the superintendent; "it seems to me you might transfer that resin much more quickly." "Oh, that's all right," he answered; "we have them do this work for awhile to harden their hands before they undertake to handle rough and heavy iron castings. The girls themselves never suspect that the work they are doing is not needed. They are working here now in good faith, as you see, and not one of them is quick-witted enough to suggest that there is a better way to transfer several barrels of resin across this room than to carry the resin across piece by piece in their hands. If we really wanted the resin transferred, it would not take one man five minutes to roll every barrel into place."—*Argonaut.*

He Knew Human Nature.

A peddler was slowly passing along Thomas street with his cry of "Strawberries" melodiously rising and falling.

Up at a second-story window sat a woman with a baby in her arms. The peddler stopped as he came underneath.

"Don't you want some nice strawberries, ma'am?" said he. "Only five cents a quart."

"No, not to-day," said the woman, decidedly.

"I've only got two quarts left," said the peddler. "Won't you buy them for the baby?"

"N-o-o, I think not," said the woman.

"If I had a baby like that," said the peddler, "I'd buy these strawberries for him.

The woman rose from her seat. "Just wait a minute and I'll send down for them," she said.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

Too little money may be an inconvenience to a young man; too much is apt to be a calamity.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Joke'ets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

A Severe Test.

Neighbor—How do you like your new neighbors?

Little Girl—Mamma says they is awful nice people, real polite, an' Christian.

"Has she called?"

"No, but we've sent in to borrow a dozen diff'rent things, an' they didn't once say they was just out."

He Was the Wrong Man.

Patient—What kept you away so long, Doctor? I've waited for you for five hours.

Country Doctor—Why, the fact is my wife was busy curing hams and needed my assistance.

Patient—She ought to have called other help if she wanted 'em cured, and I'll tell her so.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

Looking Citward.

The Western magistrate—You are charged, sir, with killing six of our oldest and most respected citizens. What have you to say?

Prisoner—They were all of 'em rich old penny-grabbers wot was leavin' the best buildin' sites in town lie idle, waitin' fer a higher price.

"Well?"

"Well, your Honor, I belong to the village improvement society."

Distance by Telium.

Cousin Phil—What made you tell me Mrs. Jenkins lived twenty minutes from Fenno's corner? You led me a long walk for nothing. You'd have been more correct to have said three.

Ethel—Is that so? I am sorry. But, you see, I walked the distance only once, and then in company with young Dr. Tomkins, who talked medicine all the way.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

His Weakness.

"Who made you?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a youth from Pell street.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Well, God made you," said the teacher.

"That so?" replied the boy. "I b'lieve I've heard that before, but I'm like me old man—never was no good at rememberin' names."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Two Boys.

Little Daughter—Oh, mamma, didn't you say Dick musn't go with that neighbor's boy?

Mamma—Indeed I did.

"Well, he's with him behind the barn smoking cigarettes."

"Horrors! Is that dirty-faced boy teaching Dick to smoke cigarettes?"

"No'm. Dick's teachin' him."

Vastly Different.

Mrs. Hicks' Mother—John, what kind of treatment do you call it for you to yell "Sicker, Tige," when your poor mother-in-law falls into the water and is in danger of drowning?

Hicks (after reflection)—I didn't yell "Sicker, Tige;" I yelled "Succor, Tige."

Extweemly Clevah.

First Chappie—Oh, my deah boy; he! he! he! I have you now. Why was Balaam an astronomer? He! he!

Second Chappie—Give it up, muh deah boy.

First Chappie—Why, because he found—he! he! he!—an ass to roid. don't yuh know; he! he! he!—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

The Reason Why.

"Your letters do not seem so bright and interesting as they used to be," she wrote, reproachfully, to her young man, and the young man mused softly to himself:

"That's strange; they used to be perfectly satisfactory to the other girl."—*Somerville Journal.*

The Rage Explained.

Hardnut—Liston to this, pard. Here's a fashion note says "there is a rage for souvenir spoons."

Lightfinger—That's official, by Jove! and the rage sets in just after we've been an' tapped the silver pantry, eh, old boy?—*Yonkers Gazette.*

To Be Worn Together.

Mrs. Bangle—I notice by the newspapers that hand-painted shirt fronts are coming in for men.

Bangle—Wouldn't they go well with custard pie decorated picnic trousers?—*Chronicle Telegraph.*

A Model Husband.

Puffley—I pride myself that I am a model husband.

Graynеck—In what respect?

Puffley—Well, I know that nothing gives my wife so much pleasure as to do things for me, so I let her do everything for me.

Drew the Line.

Miss Smilax—I like to waltz with you, Mr. Wooden; but why don't you ever reverse?

Wooden — Well, I have reverses enough in my business without bringing them into my pleasures.

A Traction Car.

Quidnunc—What's the matter with this car? This is the third time it's got off the track.

Smartly—Why, this is one of those track-shun cars.

They Will Not Touch Castor Oil.

No sort of bird, beast, or creeping thing will touch a castor-oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight, and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves. There is hardly another instance in natural history of a plant being so universally detested by the animal world.—*Globe-Democrat.*